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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

Nicholas Vince
Joe Barruso

D.G. Chichester
Dwayne McDuffie
Mike McMahon

Erik Saltzgeber
Mike Zeck
Phil Zimelman





foreword
D.G. Chichester

**Devil's Brigade, Part Six:
One True Faith**

Nicholas Vince
writer

Joe Barruso
artist

Gaspar
letterer

The Sweet Science

Erik Saltzgeber
writer

Mike Zeck

Phil Zimmelman

artists

Ken Lopez

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**Devil's Brigade Part Seven:
Commitment**

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FOREWORD

"Ch-ch-changes," David Bowie once sang, and no-talent white rappers only wait to digitally sample and claim as their own. But whereas vanilla-bland "musicians" co-opt with a sneer, we give all due credit to the man with Ziggy Stardust in his eyes as we usher in this landmark 10th issue of our homage to suffering, that rhythmic stutter ("Ch-ch-changes") resonating in our heads. All of which is yet another of our trademark roundabout ways of getting to the point, namely that the more other things remain the same, we go through one metamorphosis after another.

A mere two issues after adopting a bimonthly status, *Clive Barker's Hellraiser* now invades comic stores every six weeks — that's right, suffering-by-Cenobite is now yours two weeks earlier than ever. More importantly, you'll notice a change in the price and the page count of our favorite book of the damned, slashing (pun intended) the former to \$4.50 and the latter to 48 pages. This is via the oracle-like wisdom of sales' demi-god Sven Larsen (sorry, Sven, our contract says Hell can have only one full god — Leviathan — so demi-diety's the best we could do!), on the grounds we present the most affordable package possible to our rabid (sometimes literally) Clive Barker fans. Never fear, though (at least, not about this) — there'll be no cutting back on the quality or content of the stories you've come to expect (and that have come to expect you). As proof of that blood pudding, this issue's offerings...

Hell's campaign against humanity gains new ground as the Devil's Brigade takes new terror-tory, both in "One True Faith," Nicholas Vince and Joe Barruso's tribute to televangelism; and "Commitment," the countdown continuing toward medical cure or catastrophe as Dwayne "Deathlok" McDuffie and myself are graced by the talents of artist Mike McMahon, fresh off Epic's very popular *The Last American*. Between the two, a one-two punch as Mike Zeck (currently working wonders on an upcoming *Legends of the Dark Knight*) brings his illustrative guns to bear on Erik Saltzgaber's "The Sweet Science," a TKO from down below.

So much for this month's mutations, gentle readers. We've worked our terrifying transformations this issue out...unless, of course, you were to count what's growing there, just above your hairline —

Run, don't walk, to the nearest mirror...

YOUR GRACE, LUKE
WAS MY GUARDIAN,
ALLY, CLOSEST
FRIEND--AND YES,
HE SCARED ME
AT TIMES.

AT NIGHT, HE READ
TO ME FROM
REVELATIONS.

I WAS FOURTEEN, RUNNING
FROM HOME AND I MET
LUKE HIDING IN THE DIS-
USED CRYPT OF THIS
CHURCH.

HIS VISION OF CHRIST WAS
NEVER THE MEEK LAMB.
IT WAS THE STUCK FIG ON
THE CROSS, A MAN HOWL-
ING IN FEAR OF BEING
FORSAKEN BY HIS FATHER.

AS A TOTEM, TERRIBLE
AND BEAUTIFUL, HE
CREATED A CHRIST FROM
TRASH, HE WOUND IT'S
HEAD WITH BARBED
WIRE, NOT CARING HE
CUT HIS HANDS.

HAD he performed great & miraculous
signs, even causing fire to come down
from heaven to earth in full view of men.
'Because of the signs' he was given
power to do on behalf of the first beast, he
deceived the inhabitants of the earth.
He ordered them to set up an image in
honor of the beast who was wounded by
the sword and yet lived. 'If he was given
power to give breath to the image of the
beast, so that it could speak & cause
men to be killed.' 'He also forced everyone,
small and great,' rich and poor, free and
slave, to receive a mark on his right hand
or on his forehead. 'Who then could
buy or sell unless he had the mark,' which
is the name of the beast or the number of
the beast.

This calls for wisdom. If anyone has
the number of the beast, let him calcu-
late, for it is man's number. His number

is six hundred and sixty-six.

Then I looked and there before me
was the Lamb, standing on
the throne, and with him
was the name of the Lord.

WE WERE FOUND
BY A PRIEST. HE
TOLD US OF THE
LOVE OF GOD
AND I DECIDED
TO JOIN THE
PRIESTHOOD...

Nicholas Vince
writer
Joe Barruso
artist
Gaspar
letterer

THE DEVIL

ONE TRUE FAITH



JUDAS! YOU DON'T NEED THEM. I CAN SHOW YOU -- NOT HIM. YOU... YOU'RE MY FRIEND...

LUKE, YOU'RE MY BROTHER.



THEN PROVE IT. BECOME **BLOOD** BROTHERS. "SEE? IT'S EASY." DRINK FOR THIS IS MY BLOOD."

LUKE, NO! YOU'RE CRAZY!

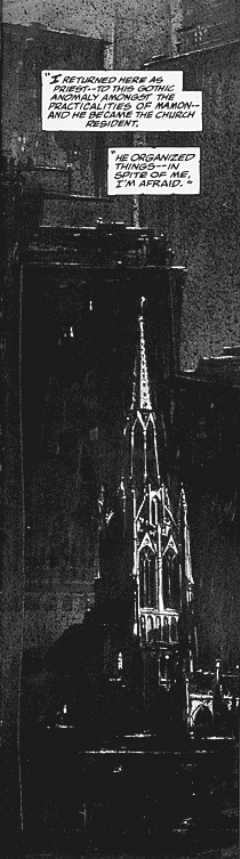


THEN HELP ME, PETER!



"I HELD HIM AS HE CRIED AND BLED."

"EVENTUALLY HE TOO FOUND SANCTUARY IN MOTHER CHURCH'S ORDERED LIFE AND HE STOPPED SCULPTING AND THAT COST HIM, YOUR GRACE, COST HIM THE VIVID ARTIST IN HIMSELF."



"I RETURNED HERE AS
PRIEST--TO THIS GOTHIC
ANOMALY AMONGST THE
PRACTICALITIES OF MANON--
AND HE BECAME THE CHURCH
RESIDENT.

"HE ORGANIZED
THINGS--IN
SPITE OF ME,
I'M AFRAID."



A QUARTER
HOUR IT TOOK
TO FIND THESE
TICKETS,
FATHER.

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT AN HONOR
IT IS TO BE INVITED
BY SAMUEL TO
HIS BROADCAST?



I DON'T
SHARE YOUR
ADMIRATION
FOR SAMUEL.



IS THAT
PROFESSIONAL
JEALOUSY
OR PRIDE,
FATHER?



PRAY FOR YOUR
PROTECTION. THE
EMISSARIES OF
CHAOS WORK
AGAINST YOU.
ANARCHISTS,
TERRORISTS,
MUGGERS, RAPISTS,
SODOMITES AND
IDOLATERS DRIVE
THE WORLD TO
THE ABYSS.



I HAVE LISTENED
TO ANGELS AND
THEY SAY:



"THESE
ARE THE
LAST
DAYS."



CAN YOU NOT FEEL THE
HOT BREATH OF THE FOUR
HORSE MEN, FAMINE, WAR,
PESTILENCE AND DEATH
BEAR OUR WORLD,
SCORCH OUR LAND.

IT IS TIME TO REPENT. TO OPEN
OUR HEARTS TO THE ONE TRUE
GOD. TO RAVEL THE THREADS OF
YOUR LIFE, TO BECOME PART OF
THE BLESSED ORDER.

KNOW THAT GOD
WILL RETURN AND
YOU SHALL BE
JUDGED WITH
FIRE.



I'M LEAVING.

"HIS CONGREGATION
HAD THE 'HIVE SOUL'
OF THE MOB. HIS
AND THEIR..."



"... CERTAINTY,
TERRIFIED ME."

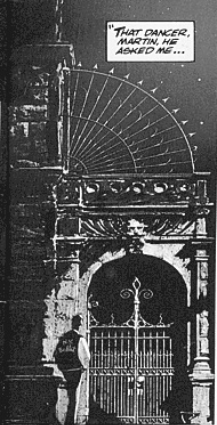


"I BELIEVE TRUE
FAITH MUST CON-
TAIN DOUBT. THINK
OF CHRIST IN
GETTSEMANE.
CERTAINTY ALWAYS
DESTROYS."



"I WANTED TO
SHAKE ALL AND
EVERYONE--
TELL THEM TO
WAKE UP--THEY
LOOKED GLASSY-
EYED, ALMOST
POSSESSED."

"LUKE WAS LIKE A
CHILD TOLD HE
MUST LEAVE THE
CIRCUS AS HE WAS
SCHOOL IN THE
MORNING."



"THAT DANGER,
MARTIN, HE
ASKED ME..."



"... "WHEN THE MAN
SAID: 'GOD'S IN HIS
HEAVEN, ALL'S RIGHT
WITH THE WORLD.' "

"DID HE MEAN:
'GOD'S IN HIS
HEAVEN, SO THE
OLD BUGGER ISN'T
BOtherING US.' "



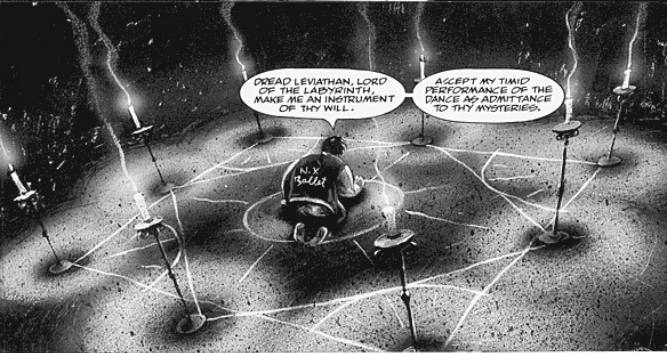
"THINKING OF SAMUEL'S
VISION OF GOD I WON-
DERED THE SAME. "



I WAS FIRED FROM
MY DANCE TROUPE...
WE WERE TOURING...
I DON'T KNOW HOW
I'M...

IT'S ALLRIGHT, MARTIN. YOU
OBVIOUSLY JUST NEED A
SANCTUARY. IT'S QUIETER
UP HERE. AWAY FROM ALL
THE OTHERS, YOU'LL FIND
BEDDING OVER THERE.
TAKE YOUR TIME--WE'LL
TALK IN THE MORNING.

THANK
YOU,
FATHER
ABADDON.





TYPICAL! NO RESEARCH.
OVER 100,000 PUZZLE
KEYS AND YOU CHOOSE
THE ONE THAT KILLS
YOU--BEFORE WE
HAVE TIME TO--



NEVER MIND, I NEED
INVISIBILITY. AH, HERE,
HAND OF GLORY--"TAKE
THE HAND OF THE
HANGED MAN..."



WONDER IF HE ENJOYED
THE END OF HIS PER-
FORMANCE. REMINDS
ME OF A REFERENCE:
"WHERE HIS SEED FALLS,"
THERE GROWS MANDRAKE."
NOW WHERE WAS IT?



--TRAGIC,
TERRIBLE--

--A
STUPID
WASTE--

--HIS
POOR
PARENTS--

--SHOWED
NO
INDICATION--

--THE
PITY OF
IT--



WORTHLESS FILTHY SHIT!
THAT'S WHAT HE WAS, PETER,
YOU INVITED A SATANIST INTO
OUR CHURCH AND LET HIM
PERFORM HIS EVIL RITES
HERE. I KEEP ON TELLING
YOU! A CHURCH IS NO
PLACE FOR DRESS FROM
THE STREET.

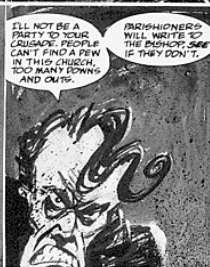


TO ANSWER YOUR
UNASKED QUESTION,
DETECTIVE, LUKE IS
HERE BECAUSE HE
SAVED MY LIFE, WHEN
WE WERE CHILDREN.

IF HE REGRETTED
IT--HE NEVER
SAID. "



IMPORTANT TO
YOU, ISN'T HE,
ABADDON?



DOES HE
INDEED...?



FRIENDS, WHO TELLS YOU
TO BE AFRAID? WHO
THREATENS YOU WITH PAIN
AND TORTURE TO MAKE
YOU BELIEVE--NOT GOD,
BUT MAN.

GOD IS LOVE AND TRUE
LOVE DOES NOT TERRIFY.
I ASK YOU TO TURN TO
GOD, NOT BECAUSE YOU
FEAR "THE END IS NIGH",
BUT BECAUSE YOU ARE
READY TO ACCEPT YOU
CAN BE LOVED BY SOME-
ONE GREATER THAN
YOURSELF.

WE MAY BE CLOSE
TO DESTRUCTION, NOT
BECAUSE GOD WILLS IT,
BUT BECAUSE HUMANITY
HAS ENGINEERED IT
AND WE ONLY PRE-
VENT IT.

DONATIONS CAN BE
MADE, NOT TO ME, BUT TO
THE N.I.H., WHO SEARCH FOR
A CURE FOR AIDS. ONLY BY
COMFORTING AND UNDERSTANDING
THE VICTIMS CAN WE AVOID
JOINING THEIR NUMBER.



ONLY BY
DIGGING INTO
OUR HEARTS...





HA HA... AFTER MY SERMON
I'M SURE MARK KNOWS I
FORGIVE HIM FOR SCENE
STEALING.

FRIENDS, WE MUST LEARN
TO TOLERATE, TO BUILD A FAMILY
OF HUMANITY, REGARDLESS OF
RACE, CREED OR COLOR,
SEX OR SEXUALITY.



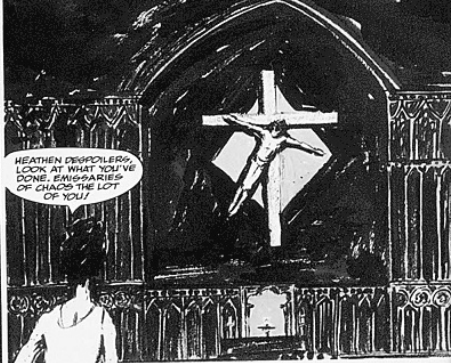
NO! THERE CAN
ONLY BE ONE
FAITH, ONE CHURCH
WITH ONE CREED!
YOU MUST BE
STOPPED!



"THERE IS BUT
ONE LIVING AND TRUE
GOD, EVERLASTING,
WITHOUT BODY,
PARTS..."



"...OR PASSIONS;
OF INFINITE POWER,
HIS NAME
LEVATHAN,
HIS PLAN IS
INVOLATE"





WE'LL SHOW THAT
PETER ABANDONED
US. WE'LL SHOW HIM
HOW TO ORDER
HIS CHURCH.



LUKE, I APPLAUD
YOUR MOTIVES, BUT
YOU ENDANGER
THE PLAN.



"HOW MANY TIMES HAVE
I TOLD A GRIEVING
PARISHIONER--BEING
THERE MIGHT NOT HAVE
SAVED THEIR LOVED
ONE? STILL, I WONDER.

THIS, FOR THE
GREATER GOOD.
FROM NOW, ONLY
I WILL IMPOSE
ORDER HERE.

BUT YOUR GRACE, THOUGH
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY
GOD TOOK LUKE'S LIFE, I
MUST HAVE FAITH, AND
TRUST HIS MOTIVES..."

THE END



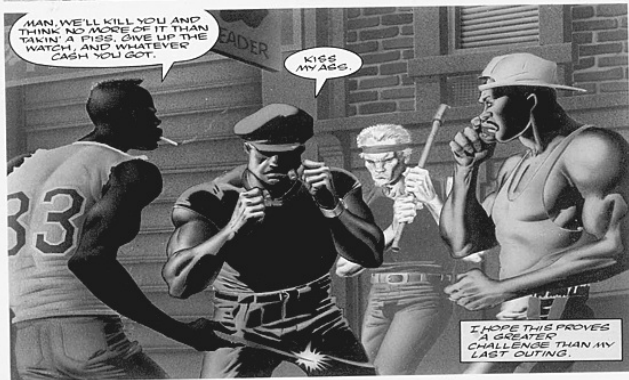
EVANS

THE SWEET SCIENCE

DON'T GET DOWN TO
RED HOOK MUCH
ANYMORE. NO POINT TO
IT, BUT TONIGHT IT OUGHT
TO SERVE MY PURPOSES.



Erik Saltzgeber
writer
Mike Zeck
Phil Zimelman
artists
Phil Felix
letterer





THEY CALL IT THE
SWEET SCIENCE.
THE SCIENCE PART
I UNDERSTAND...



THE SHORTEST DISTANCE
BETWEEN TWO OBJECTS
IS A STRAIGHT LINE...



MASS...



...TIMES
ACCELERATION...



...EQUALS
FORCE.



...THAT
DEPENDS
ON WHICH
SIDE
YOU'RE
LOOKING AT
IT FROM.

WAIT A
MINUTE,
MAN. WHO
ARE
YOU?



THAT'S RIGHT, **BILLY MOORE**, HEAVY-
WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,
BEATING UP PUNKS IN RED HOOK,
HAVING TO FIGHT TWO OR THREE
MEN AT ONCE, AND
THEY WERE STILL
NO MORE CHAL-
LENGE THAN MY
LAST TITLE
DEFENSE.

HOLY
SHIT! THE
CHAMP...



THEY SAY I'M BETTER
THAN JACK JOHNSON,
BETTER THAN DEMPSLEY,
LOUIS, ALI, AND TYSON.
I'M THE GREATEST,
MOST BORED BOXER
IN THE WORLD.

HAVE A
NICE WALK,
CHAMP?

THE
BEST.

I'M THE HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,
GRADUATED CLIM LAUDE
FROM CORNELL, AND HAVE
AN INVESTMENT PORTFOLIO
THAT MAKES DONALD
TRUMP ENVIOUS.

MY EQUIPMENT'S ALL
EXPENSIVE NATIONAL
TREASURES. THE
GLOVES WORN BY
SUGAR RAY
ROBINSON IN HIS
FIRST TITLE FIGHT.

I HAVE ONE OF THE FINEST
PERSONAL ART COLLECTIONS
IN THE WORLD. I HAVE ALL
THE MONEY, TITLES AND
MATERIAL ITEMS ANYONE IN THE
WORLD COULD ASK FOR.

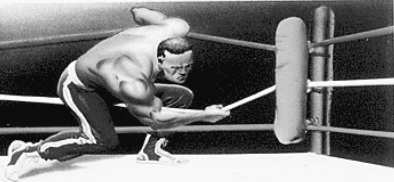
AND THE TRAINING RING
OF THE GREATEST FIGHTER
OF ALL TIME... FROM HIS
FINAL FIGHT.

I WANT FOR
ONLY ONE
THING.

THE ONE THING
I WANT, I CAN'T
FIND.

A
CHALLENGE.

I'VE BEATEN THEM ALL,
BEATEN THE BEST, INSIDE
AND OUTSIDE OF THE
RING.



FOR A KID BORN AND RAISED
IN THE SLUMS OF DETROIT I'VE
DONE ALL RIGHT. I'VE PUSHED
MY MIND AND MY BODY TO
THEIR LIMITS, AND THEN SOME,
AND I'VE REAPED THE REWARDS.



MOST BOXERS, THEY
SAY, DON'T HAVE MY
INTELLIGENCE. THEY
SAY I'M GIFTED. I
THINK I'M CURSED. I
CAN SEE THE LIMITA-
TIONS OF MY LIFE, HOW
LITTLE THERE IS LEFT
FOR ME TO ACCOMPLISH.

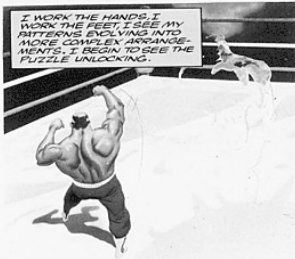


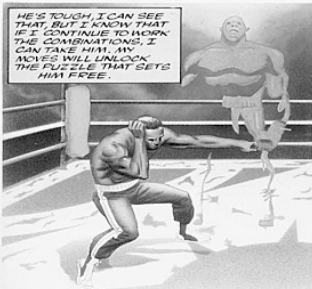
SO I FIGHT TWO OR
THREE MEN AT A TIME,
STREET FUNKS. OR I
EXPAND MY HOLDINGS,
DO ANYTHING THAT
MIGHT PROVE TO BE A
CHALLENGE.

AND I DANCE HERE IN THE DARK,
WORKING COMBINATIONS, TRYING TO
SOLVE THE PUZZLE IN MY MIND'S
EYE THAT PITS ME AGAINST AN
OPPONENT THAT DEMANDS ALL OF
MY SKILL AND RESOURCES TO BEAT.



I WORK THE HANDS, I
WORK THE FEET, I SEE MY
PATTERNS, EVOLVING INTO
MORE COMPLEX ARRANGE-
MENTS. I BEGIN TO SEE THE
PUZZLE UNLOCKING.

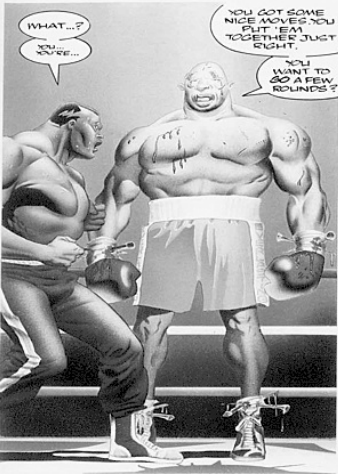




HE'S TOUGH, I CAN SEE THAT, BUT I KNOW THAT IF I CONTINUE TO WORK THE COMBINATIONS, I CAN TAKE HIM. MY MOVES WILL UNLOCK THE PUZZLE THAT SETS HIM FREE.



THE FEET, THE HANDS, THEY'RE PERFECT TONIGHT. THE PATTERNS ARE PERFECT, I'VE GOT IT DOWN, BUT IT FEELS STRANGE, UNNATURAL...



WHAT...?

YOU...
YOU'RE...

YOU GOT SOME NICE MOVES, YOU PUT 'EM TOGETHER JUST RIGHT.

YOU WANT TO GO A FEW ROUNDS?

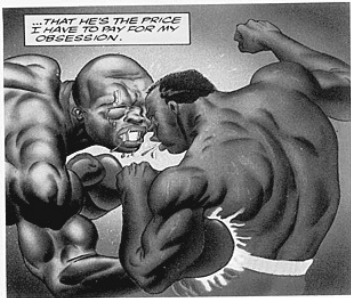
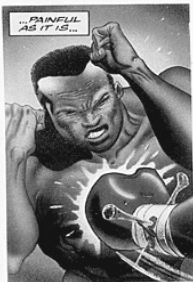
C'MON, BOY, IT'S 14 BY 14, AND YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO IN IT. YOU SAID YOU WANTED A CHALLENGE. I JUST MIGHT GIVE YOU ONE. BESIDES... YOU GOT NO CHOICE.

A--ALL RIGHT, YOU UGLY SON OF A BITCH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE THIS CHAMP, YOU'RE GONNA LEARN DIFFERENT.

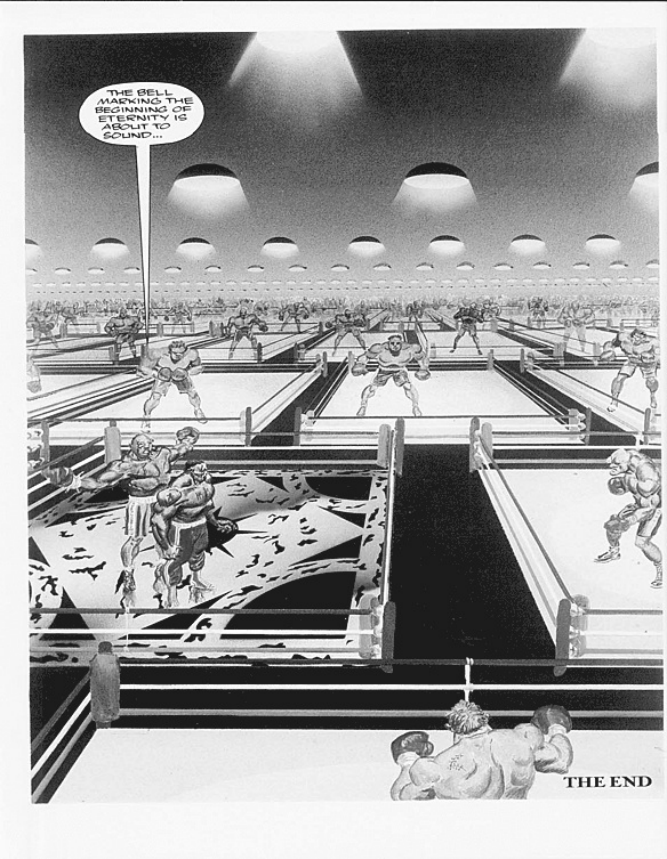


LET'S GET IT ON.



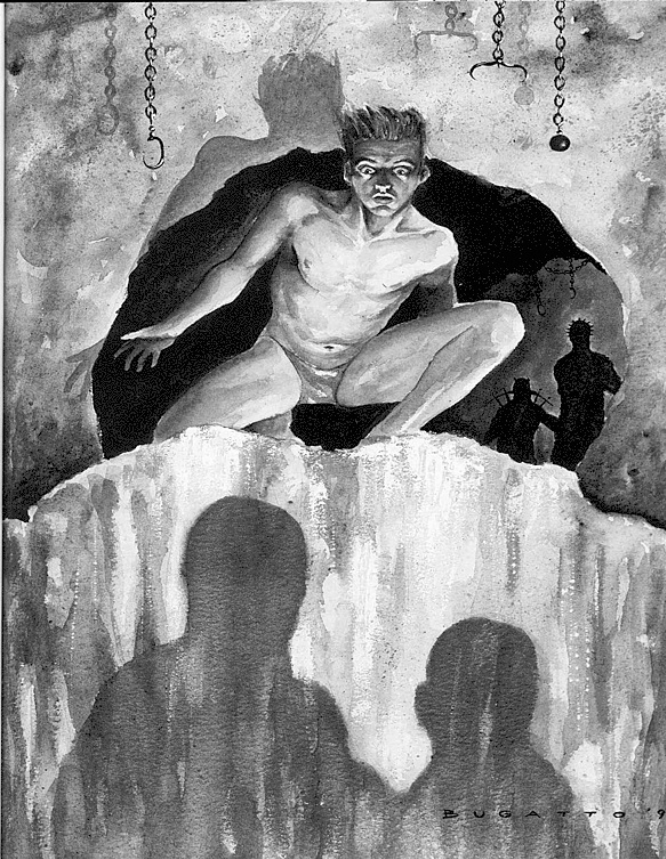






THE BELL
MARKING THE
BEGINNING OF
ETERNITY IS
ABOUT TO
SOUND...

THE END



BUGATTO '9



WHEN YOU START TALKING ABOUT LOOKING FOR A CURE FOR AIDS, YOU'RE GETTING INTO SOME REAL COMPLICATED POLITICAL ISSUES.

NOBODY HAS A PROBLEM LOOKING FOR A CURE FOR POLIO OR SOMETHING--WHO WANTS TO SEE SICK KIDS? BUT WHO'S GETTING AIDS? JUNKIES AND FASOTS, RIGHT? SO NOBODY CARES.

IT'S NOTHIN' BUT FORN, MAN.

THE INSTITUTE FOR DISEASE CONTROL, WHERE DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS LABOR TOWARDS A SOLUTION TO THE AIDS PUZZLE...

DR. BERNARD FISHER CATCHES HIMSELF LOOKING AT HER AGAIN. NOT THAT IT'S UNUSUAL FOR MEN TO STARE AT DR. CASEY GIOELI. SHE'S NEARLY AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS BRILLIANT.

BUT NOT, IN DR. FISHER'S OPINION, BRILLIANT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY THE WAY HER LINE OF RESEARCH IS INCREASINGLY MONOPOLIZING PRECIOUS TIME ON THE INSTITUTE'S SINGLE SUPERCOMPUTER.

DR. GIOELI IS OBVIOUSLY MOST FAVORED OF THE DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS WHO WORK HERE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. MORRIS DILLIARD. AND DR. FISHER'S WORK HAS BEEN MARGINALIZED TO THE POINT OF NON-EXISTENCE.

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE
PART 17

COMMITMENT

D.G. Chichester
Dwayne McDuffie
writers
Mike McMahon
artist
Michael Heisler
letterer



I'M AWARE OF THE PROBLEM, BERNARD, AND I'M SYMPATHETIC.

MAYBE, BUT DR. GIOELI IS FAR FROM THE BEST PERSON TO LEAD OUR RESEARCH--

BUT I'M ALSO TOTALLY CONVINCED THAT CASEY IS ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

--SHE'S TOO CLINICAL. TOO DISPASSIONATE

OUR WORK HERE ISN'T SOME MILDLY INTERESTING, ABSTRACT PUZZLE. WE'RE FIGHTING FOR PEOPLE'S LIVES.

WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME AND I'VE NEVER ASKED YOU FOR ANYTHING, MORRIS, BUT I BEG OF YOU--

I'M SORRY, BERNARD.
THIS IS NOTHING
PERSONAL. OUR WORK
HERE IS MUCH TOO
IMPORTANT FOR THIS
TO BE ANYTHING
OTHER THAN A COLD,
BUREAUCRATIC
DECISION--

MORRIS--?

ARE YOU
READY
TO GO
YET?

DR. GIOELI.

HELLO,
DR. FISHER.
I DIDN'T
SEE YOU
THERE.

"COLD, BUREAUCRATIC
DECISION" INDEED.

DON'T TRY
AND CONVINCE ME,
BERNARD. CONVINCE
CASEY.

BUT NOT
TONIGHT.

A LOUSY DAY AT
WORK. MAYBE HOME
WILL OFFER A BIT
OF COMFORT.

MAYBE THE LETTER CAME TODAY.

NOPE. JUST THE
USUAL BILLS.

MAYBE IT'LL COME
TOMORROW.

OH, AND HE'S ALSO WON A
VACATION FOR TWO TO
BEAUTIFUL HAWAII. ALL HE HAS
TO DO TO CLAIM IT IS CALL
THE 800 NUMBER.

NOTHING
MUCH TO
EAT HERE.
AH, A
SALAD'LL
BE FINE.
HE HASN'T
HAD MUCH
OF AN
APPETITE
LATELY,
ANYWAY.

SHUK!

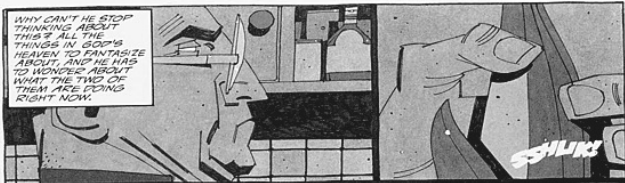
IT'S MORBID OF
HIM, BUT HE CAN'T
HELP THINKING
ABOUT IT. MORRIS
AND DR. GIDEL?
WHO'D BELIEVE
IT?

MAYBE
HE'S JUST
JEALOUS.

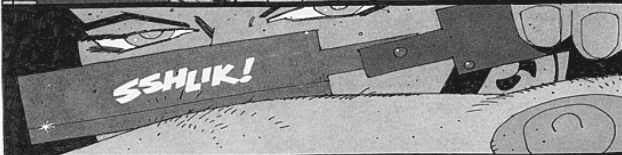
SHUK!

AFTER ALL, HE'S
ALWAYS FOUND MORRIS
VERY ATTRACTIVE.

WHY CAN'T HE STOP THINKING ABOUT THIS? ALL THE THINGS IN GOD'S HEAVEN TO FANTASIZE ABOUT, AND HE HAS TO WONDER ABOUT WHAT THE TWO OF THEM ARE DOING RIGHT NOW.



SSHUK!



JESUS! IT'S SO REAL. IT'S LIKE IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. HE CAN SMELL THEM, FEEL THE HEAT FROM THEIR BODIES...



THIS IS WHAT FISHER SEES. MORRIS DILLIARD AND CASEY GIOELI. HE IS RESTRAINED, SHE RUNS A STRAIGHT RAZOR SEDUCTIVELY OVER HIS VULNERABLE SKIN, THEN LICKS THE ABRASSED FLESH WITH DARTING TONGUE.



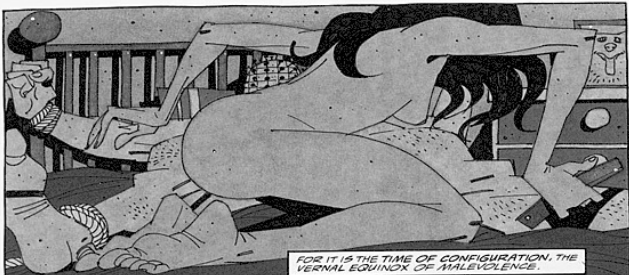
THIS IS WHAT FISHER SEES.



AND THIS IS WHAT DR. GIOELI
ACTUALLY HAS TIED TO
HER BEDPOSTS.

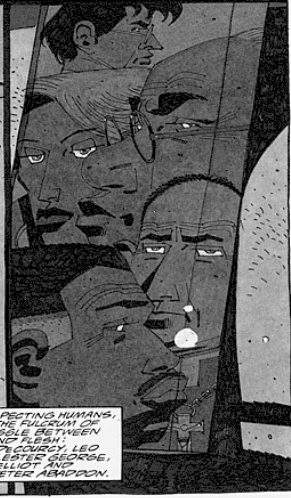
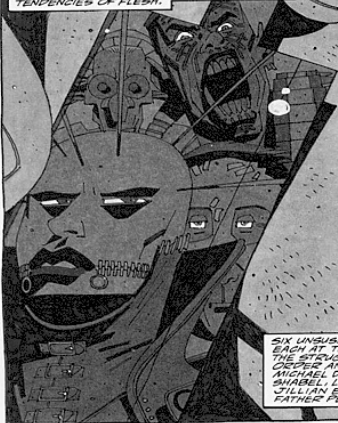
ALTHOUGH SHE ALSO SEES THE FACE OF
MORRIS DILLIARD, IN FACT, SHE IS HAVING
THE MOST UNUSUAL PLEASURE OF INTER-
COURSE WITH THE PRINCE OF HELL; THE
FAVORED SON; A CENOBITE OF
LEVIATHAN'S HELL.

HE HAS ARRANGED FOR HER ALTERED PERCEPTIONS,
AS HE ALSO ARRANGED FOR DR. FISHER'S VISION
OF THEIR EROTIC INTERLUDE. ALL INTENDED TO
DRIVE FISHER INTO HIS SERVICE AT THIS CRUCIAL
POINT IN TIME.



FOR IT IS THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION, THE
VERNAL EQUINOX OF MALEVOLENCE.

HE IS BUT ONE OF FIVE, LEADER OF THE
TENTATORES MALIGENNI, ABIGOR, FACE,
ATKINS AND BALBERTH ROUND OUT THE
CREW OF CENOBERTE STORMTROOPERS
SENT BY LEVIATHAN TO SEE THAT ORDER
WINS THE WAR WITH THE CHAOTIC
TENDENCIES OF FLESH.



SIX UNSUSPECTING HUMANS,
EACH AT THE FULCRUM OF
THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN
ORDER AND FLESH:
MICHAEL DECOURCY, LEO
SWABEL, LESTER GEORGE,
TILLIAN ELLIOT AND
FATHER PETER ABADDON.



OH, AND ONE
OTHER:



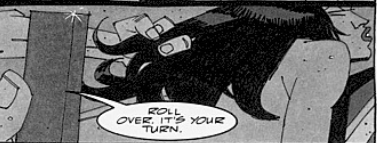
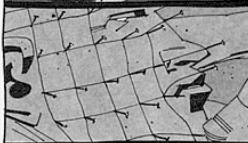
DR. CASEY
GIOELI.



JESUS!
IT'S SO
REAL.



THAT
WAS...
FANTASTIC,
CASEY.



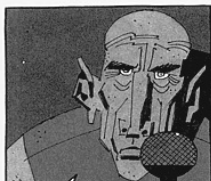
ROLL
OVER, IT'S YOUR
TURN.



IT'S LIKE IT'S
RIGHT IN FRONT
OF HIM.



HOW THE HELL IS HE SUPPOSED TO
COMPETE WITH HER WHEN SHE'S
GOT MORRIS BY THE BALLS?



IT'S A PUNISHMENT
FROM GOD! GOD HATES
SINNERS AND HE'S WIPING
THEM OUT! MEN LYING
WITH MEN, WOMEN
WITH WOMEN, IT'S LIKE
SODOM AND GOMORRAH!



FORNICATION IS FOR
HAVING CHILDREN, ANY-
THING ELSE IS PERVERSION!
IF THEY ALL DIE--



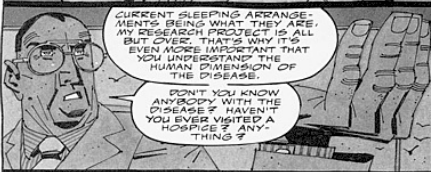
--GOD'S
WILL BE
DONE!



DR. GIOELI?
WE NEED TO
TALK.

I'M VERY
BUSY NOW.
MAKE IT
FAST.

...LEADING
THE INTERNATIONAL
NEWS, AFRICAN HUMAN
RIGHTS LEADER, WILLIAM
CHARULA HAS
ANNOUNCED A WORLD
TOUR THAT WILL
TAKE HIM TO--





IT'S SIMPLE, MORRIS. I CAN'T WORK UNDER THESE CONDITIONS, SO I QUIT!

IS THAT SO?



NOT JUST ABOUT MY PROJECT GOING UNDER, THIS IS ABOUT THE WAY GIOELI IS WASTING HER INTELLECT. HER LACK OF PASSION DOOMS HER TO FAILURE.



I'D DO ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO SHOW HER THE PROBLEM THE WAY I SEE IT.



ANY-THING?

HOLD THAT THOUGHT...



YOUR DESIRE IS TO ACQUAINT GIOELI WITH THE DISEASE ON A PERSONAL LEVEL. I CAN GRANT YOU THAT POWER.

WOULD SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT INTEREST YOU?



I GUESS WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO IS BEING WILLING TO GET INSIDE SOMEONE ELSE'S SKIN--TO BE WILLING TO SEE OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMANITY. SOMEBODY HOOKED ON HEROIN IS STILL SOMEBODY.



I DON'T LIKE TO SUFFER. I DON'T DESERVE TO. I DON'T IMAGINE ANYONE ELSE DOES EITHER.



CAN'T WE PUT OURSELVES INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S HEAD FOR JUST A MINUTE?



GIOIELI?

FISHER?! IT'S VERY LATE,
I THOUGHT I WAS
ALONE HERE.

I'M
GOING TO
GIVE YOU MY
PIECE,
THEN YOU
WILL BE.

SIT DOWN! I'VE
PAID A VERY HIGH
PRICE TO TEACH
YOU WHAT YOU
HAVE TO LEARN
AND YOU'RE
DAMN WELL
GOING TO
LISTEN!

HOW DARE
YOU BARGE IN
HERE AND--

OH!

I'VE HEARD
YOU IN YOUR
ARROGANCE,
REDUCING
PEOPLE TO
STATISTICS,
STOP LOOKING
AT THE BIG
PICTURE. GOD
IS IN THE DETAILS.
TO YOU, "PEOPLE
WITH AIDS" IS
AN ABSTRACTION.
LET'S MAKE
THIS REAL
PERSONAL.

I HAVE
AIDS.

WE'VE
NEVER BEEN
CLOSE, BUT
WE'VE WORKED
TOGETHER
FOR WEEKS...
I HAD NO
IDEA...

YOU STILL
DON'T.

BUT I'M
GOING TO
SHOW YOU.

SWOLLEN LYMPH GLANDS, IN MY THROAT, UNDER MY ARMS, IN MY GROIN--

--THAT'S LYMPHADENOPATHY AND IT USUALLY COMES ALONG FAIRLY EARLY...

THE PATCHES ON MY SKIN LOOK A BIT LIKE SHINGLES, AND THEY'RE JUST AS SENSITIVE TO TOUCH. THAT'S HERPES ZOSTER.

THE FUNGAL PATCHES IN MY MOUTH, ON MY TONGUE, THAT'S ORAL CANDIDIASIS, MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS THRUSH.

THE -HUAK- BIG PATCHES ON MY SKIN? I'M -HUAK- GUESSING -HUAK- IT'S KAPOSI'S SARCOMA. ALTHOUGH AT THIS STAGE OF DISEASE, WITH MY -HUAK- IMMUNE SYSTEM ALL BUT -HUAK- SHUT DOWN, IT COULD -HUAK- BE ANY ONE OF A HUNDRED DIFFERENT DISEASES.

HUAK- THE COUGH IS PROBABLY PNEUMONIA. HUAK- HUAK- IF I'M LUCKY, THAT'S -HUAK- WHAT'LL KILL ME.

NO NEED TO SHOUT, CASEY. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

HOW...?!

I CAME TO SHOW YOU... TO TELL YOU...

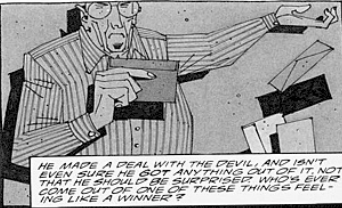
FISHER!!

DON'T FORGET THE PEOPLE IN YOUR EQUATIONS. MY LIFE--ALL THE LIVES--IT'S NOT SOME ABSTRACT EXERCISE.



A LOUSY DAY AT WORK,
BUT AT LEAST IT WAS
HIS LAST ONE.

WHAT HAS HE DONE?
WHAT POSSESSED HIM
TO LET THE CENOBIOTE
PLANT THE DISEASE
WITHIN HIM? HE
WONDERS IF IT WAS
EVEN WORTH IT.
COULD ANYTHING AT
ALL AFFECT GIDEI?



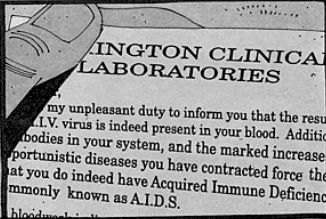
HE MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, AND ISN'T
EVEN SURE HE GOT ANYTHING OUT OF IT, NOT
THAT HE SHOULD BE SURPRISED WHO'S EVER
COME OUT OF ONE OF THESE THINGS FEEL-
ING LIKE A WINNER?



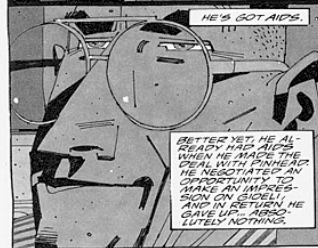
OH, THIS FIGURES. THE LETTER
COMES TODAY, AS IF IT
MATTERS ANYMORE.



ALTHOUGH NOW
THAT HE THINKS
ABOUT IT...



...my unpleasant duty to inform you that the resu
...I.V. virus is indeed present in your blood. Additio
...bodies in your system, and the marked increase
...portunistic diseases you have contracted force the
...at you do indeed have Acquired Immune Deficienc
...mmonly known as A.I.D.S.
bloodwork...



HE'S GOT AIDS.

BETTER YET, HE AL-
READY HAD AIDS
WHEN HE MADE THE
DEAL WITH PINHEAD.
HE NEGOTIATED AN
OPPORTUNITY TO
MAKE AN IMPRES-
SION ON GIDEI,
AND IN RETURN HE
GAVE UP... RESO-
LUTELY NOTHING.



DR. BERNARD FISHER MAY
NOT YET HAVE BEATEN
DEATH--

--BUT HE'S CERTAINLY
GIVEN THE DEVIL A
GOOD WHUPPING.

THE END





AFTERWORD

It's probably subtle egotism, but it's always surprising to find there are some to whom this book is still a secret. Those people who've never heard of a comic book shop (get a note from your mother) or have never seen any of the movies (get a note from your doctor), or, last, have never read any of Clive Barker's myriad stories (get back into school, and toss the notes the hell out of the window), those hapless souls are our next target. And we're doing our damndest to reach them.

This past August, the World Science Fiction Convention was the outpost from which we struck out into new fields, with a tremendous response. The appeal of Clive Barker's work stretches beyond genre boundaries, over generation gaps, across all personality types. But of those multitudes, there were yet some who'd collected every work by, for and about Mr. Barker, and had still never heard of our own ground-breaking title. Then we met the type who'd seen early issues, and left the series as the price was raised. And there were those who'd seen the series only recently, drawn to its horrific beauty, but again put off by its pricey resonance.

We heard you, and, as you've read in the introduction, we have responded. As you've definitely noticed, we've lowered the price substantially, at a minimum compromise of the page count. But for that, we're planning on giving you more than ever before. Upcoming into these pages:

- *The chilling conclusion of the Devil's Brigade, our first ongoing multi-faceted storyline, whose results promise to change the shape of Hell, forever.

- *The Resurrection of Morte Mamme, Clive's personal new addition to the Hellraiser mythos. She is an elemental force, an indescribable goddess who lives as the eternal antithesis of Leviathan. Her secret is her power, and her weapon may be you. . .

- *Fully painted stories by illustrative giants like Joe Jusko, Marc Hempel, Miran Kim, John Van Fleet, Brian Stelfreeze, Jackson Guice, and Alex Ross. If this stuff doesn't knock your socks off, they're probably painted on.

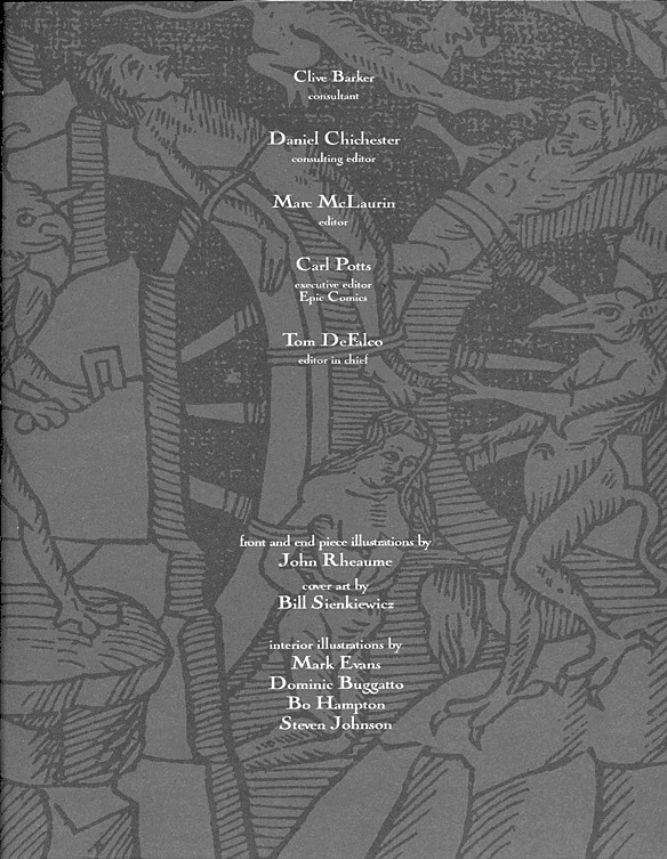
- *And, probably best of all, all of this will be coming at you on a six-week schedule, over twice as often as when this series was first unleashed.

Now comes your part. Let us know what you think of what we're doing, and some of the action you'd like to see in these pages. And, succeeding in that, let your friends know, and they'll tell two friends, and they'll tell two friends, and so on, and so on. Before too long, we'll have our own personal legend of Hellraisers. Then the trouble'll really start. . .



Marc McLaurin





Clive Barker
consultant

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

Marc McLaurin
editor

Carl Potts
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Epic Comics

Tom DeFalco
editor in chief

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John Rheaume

cover art by
Bill Sienkiewicz

interior illustrations by
Mark Evans
Dominic Buggatto
Bo Hampton
Steven Johnson

In this corner, in tight blackened leather, the rank legions of hell's cenobites—the Devil's Brigade. In that corner, weighing in at over three billion, the chaotic masses collectively known as humanity.

ROUND ONE: a Priest whose hope is to become a beacon of enlightenment for the One True Faith is opposed by a cenobite who means to turn his crusade into a modern day Inquisition.

ROUND TWO: a clinically minded aids researcher desperately in need of motivation in her work finds commitment, courtesy of Hell's favorite son.

ROUND THREE: a boxer in search of the ultimate physical challenge dares hell's greatest pugilists to experiments in the sweet science with stakes greater than he ever intended.

There's the bell. Let's get ready to rumble.

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